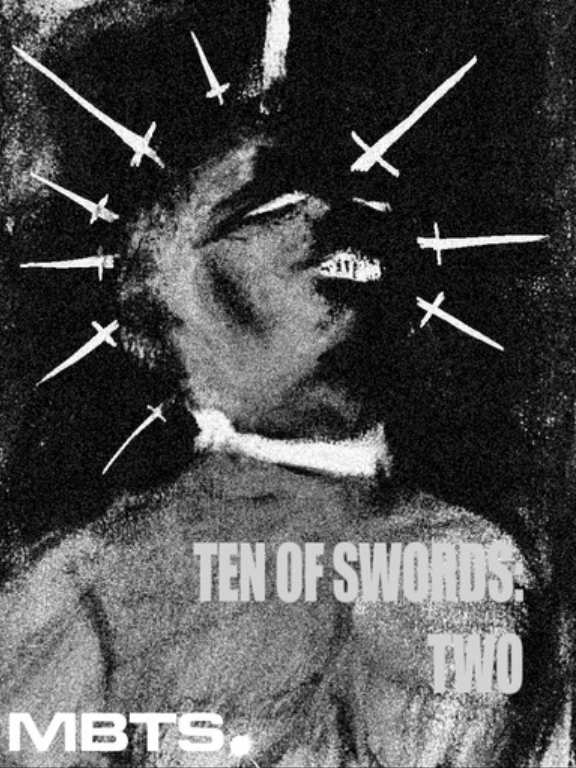




TEN OF SWORDS:
TWO

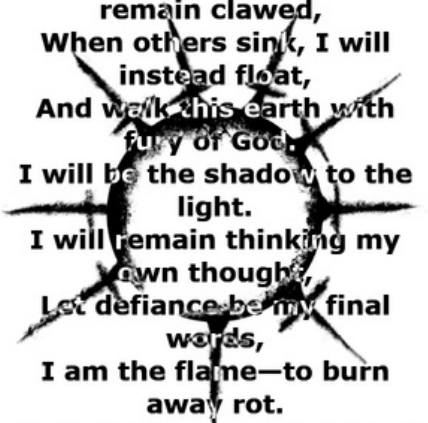
MBTS.

...BUT WHY IS THERE ONLY NINE?

SO SAYS THE KEEN OBSERVER...

Indeed; why is there only nine swords if this zine series is called "TEN OF SWORDS?" The answer is simple, there are ten swords. There are nine on the cover, and you, dear reader, are the tenth sword. You are not a separate entity, there is no fourth wall to allow passivity, and there is no outsider-looking-in mentality allowed here. Throughout this zine I will refer to you because you are present. As you read this, you are a character in these stories and essays. The only time I'm not having a conversation with you is when you close this booklet. It's also why I made this part a bit hard to read. So to You, I bid thee farewell for now with this to stay in your mind in hopes that you carry what is said here as a weapon against the rising tides of apathy and stoicism:

There comes a time in many a man's life, no matter how angry, when he realizes something. He realizes that it is far easier to accept the world for what it is, than to try to change it, that "It can always be worse" is the perfect mantra to sleep easy and not be up all night with blood vessels ready to burst and fists clenched tightly. As of now, if I were in the court of tyrants and asked to kneel before evil and injustice or whatever, I would have my sword unsheathed before I drew first breath, even if I knew for certain I will lose; I—and by extension you, must fight, if only because to fight means they know we do not approve and would rather rot in the ground than suffer trespass. Today I will chant a different prayer, to dismiss this life and worship death and leave it at this:



**I am the hand clenched
around the throat,
I am the paw that will
remain clawed,
When others sink, I will
instead float,
And walk this earth with
fury of God.
I will be the shadow to the
light.
I will remain thinking my
own thought,
Let defiance be my final
words,
I am the flame—to burn
away rot.
I am anger. I am the last of
swords.**

**THE FUTURE IS COMING,
WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT.
ARE YOU READY FOR IT?**



**IS IT READY FOR
YOU?**



WHAT SORT OF PERSON READS TEN OF SWORDS?

THE KIND THAT WON'T STAY PUT. THE KIND OF PERSON WHO THROUGH GRITTED TEETH, REFUSES TO ACCEPT THEIR LOT IN LIFE. THE KIND WHO STAY ALIGHT AFTER THE FLAMES HAVE DIED DOWN. THE KIND THAT REFUSE TO CALL IT QUITS JUST BECAUSE THEY KNOW DEFEAT IS CERTAIN AND DEATH ONLY MORE. WANT YOUR PRODUCT TO REACH THIS AUDIENCE? FUCK OFF.



THE BLUE
A SHORT STORY BY
MAGGOTFACE
KLINK

THE BLUE

A SHORT STORY BY MAGGOTFACE KLINK

There she goes. A black oystercatcher, flirting with the wind and letting it carry her along without a care in the world. The wind, an easy 13 kilometers an hour, pushes her along and as my eyes follow her every move, I catch the cut between her animation cycles. She is nothing more than lines of code to make it seem alive despite the fact that this bright blue nothingness is just that. Completely artificial. Nothing but a simulation meant to dampen the pathetic struggle that is my and everyone else's life. Clinging to life on a dead world like a fetus in the womb of one of the slain whores in Elysium—the nightlife/megacity/corporate/fourth sector. God, there's just something so rotten about all of this, not just the worthless attempt to hold onto existence, but the insult that it is to pretend that any part of this is natural.

I look into the sky. Not up to it, but into it. The bright blue nothingness, without a single cloud to block it since those aren't scheduled until later. Day has strangled the dawn away and the yellow haze upon the horizon inches out of view until it too is swallowed whole. I stand motionless amidst these pillars of super communities of algae disguised as trees churning out oxygen thinking about what it would be like to murder everyone I know.

Just thinking about the look of horror on my girlfriend's face as I stab into her over and over. Gritting her teeth, holding back tears, and trying to fight me off but it would be no use—I would pull the blade out and just ram it in her elsewhere, hopefully nowhere too vital, I would want her to suffer.

"What are you thinking about, babe?" She tightens her grip on my arm and nuzzles further into me. I would love to cut off her fingers with pliers and stomp her skull into a pulp. Her voice is a raspy and shrill drone that never seems to shut up.

"Nothing. Just watching the sky." I force a smile.

She squeezes. If only it was warmth I felt. If only I felt anything other than this simmering anger deep within. I never asked to be born. No one ever does. I would have refused if I knew what I was getting into. I would have chewed through the uterus and clawed my way out to kill my whore mother, just for my limp dick fuck of a father to see his pale and shallow breathed wife bleeding out of her cunt and to hold his blue and motionless child, bloated and limp with the umbilical cord around my throat.

"Name and foreman?"

"What?"

Hours have passed, I've been completely out of myself it seems, I would say operating on basic survival instinct but it would be more accurate to say the simplest of programming.

"Name and foreman?" She repeats, her voice monotone and dry. She looks content, a bit plump even. These past harvests have been extraordinarily good thanks to the combined efforts of all of us in sector 2 and the advancements in the new nitrogenized soil. Her dark brown hair drapes over her round face and hides one of her eyes, they stare off into nothing. She avoids eye contact but I don't think it's because she's socially inept or anything like that. I just don't think she cares.

"Andrew, Primary 3 and 4, Mackenzie"

"Size?"

"Medium."

She hands me a pair of this month's gloves. Even on the simplest of programming, I can't help myself from seeking out comfort and ease. It's the same with everyone. They'd trade their loved ones to be churned away in the big grinder if it meant their lives could stay as easy and as superficial as they are. This month's pair are orange and black, with breathable slits on the back of them which I'm thankful for as my hands get more sweaty and clammy this time of year.

I go to wash my hands in a "rustic" styled sanitation station. The stall is built to resemble an old barn aesthetic with splintered dark wooden beams holding a sheet metal roof over the bucket for a bin outfitted with industrial pipes already diluted with antibacterial agents. There I meet Doyle, the closest thing I have to a friend here aside from my girlfriend, Julie.

We exchange our usual conversation of hello, how are you, fine and you, great to hear, and so on and so forth. We've known each other for about three years and that's most of what we say to one another. At least it's the most I say to him. He talks, I stand there, pretending to care, he continues to talk, I blank out as I tend to do, and he tells me I'm a great listener and that he can't wait to see me. Today he seems kind of odd though, instead of saying "doing quite alright" he just said fine. I ask him if anything's on his mind and he just says he's paranoid. "Of what?"

"You not seen the report lately? Fucking terrorists out and about man. Got me scared to even work the field."

I've never really given them much thought until only recently. I never was one for politics, not that I don't have beliefs—I'm not a spineless coward; I just believe that as it is, life itself is so pointless and to try to sway it any way, left or right, up or down, is the equivalent of choosing where to walk into the lake thinking as though it will give one's death any kind of meaning.

I realize what he's talking about though. Something about the outer sectors having to deal with an increase in terrorist activity, predominantly the fourth and fifth sectors out. Nothing ever happens here. Nothing that isn't scheduled. This life is built upon that premise. The checklist of day to day routines and practices. Rituals absent of gods to honor and have look down upon the pathetic ants.

5 minutes left.

I sit by my workstation as I wait for my break to end. They're mandated, and I'm not allowed to do anything outside of my assigned field, not that there's anything worth doing in my mind. I could talk to Julie, she's only a walk away, but in all honesty I haven't been happy in my relationship for the past four months. I'm sure that much is obvious. It was advised by my adolescent therapist that I put myself into the dating scene, and most people in relationships seem to be happy. If anything I've found myself increasingly annoyed by her, though I hold no hatred since she only acts out of blissful ignorance and good intentions, rather than malice. So I think.

The sky seems so real today. The endless ocean of code above, with just the right tints and shades that it could almost fool you into thinking it was real. Even the drones that slice through it like blades through virgin wrists contribute to that facade. But I, and everyone around me knows it's a lie. Synthetic environments aren't new, even to me, but as of late I've found myself yearning for something authentic. Something real. I know that if I can live outside of this fake world, maybe then I'll finally be happy.

It isn't that I live a bad life, in sector two, all we really have to do is farm, with most of the process being automated aside from what we can advertise as done by hand like sewing and reaping, which leaves a good chunk of the day open. Not as luxurious as sector one mind you,

the supposed arts and culture core of our little world, but far better than three and beyond. Nonetheless, for the past while I've found myself missing something. There seems to be a hole in my heart that remains unfulfilled. No amount of hard work, art courses, sex, fresh fruit or fish, or even narcotics have really done anything. I'd say that I think I'm just feeling the harvest season blues, but it's been like this for my whole life. I don't know what's wrong with me, but I do know the cure doesn't lie in simulated skies and artificial dirt. I need to escape this air conditioned hell, no matter what, I need to let my eyes know the pleasures of the blue before I die. Let the true sky burn my eyes out and let me taste air, tongue flapping in my mouth licking the sweet smell like wet cunt.

I'll be honest with you, I have plans to do just that. Lay my eyes upon the deep abyss above. The real one. Not this simulated parade of lights above me.

Actually—no more lies, I don't care anymore. By the time anyone can tell someone who matters now it'll be too late. Far too late.

It's been in motion for a few months now. They're some political group that wrongly assumed I was depressed because of material conditions or something, but as I was debating who I should tell, I made my demands. I wanted guaranteed transport to sector six, much to their surprise, in exchange for my help in their plans. I didn't listen to their motivations, much like how I am with my foreman, I don't need the reasoning behind every decision and order

I'm not that important. Nobody really is, they love to think they are though, and that the world is on the edge of its seat waiting to dissect their intricate minds, read their manifestos, remember their deeds. No. All they needed was my badge number, a copy of my biocode, and some help scouting vulnerabilities. This has been going on for the past few months and every day that inches closer to March 13th, the more filled with ecstasy I am. I can feel my fingers tingling, and my lips going numb from my constant biting. It's tomorrow that it'll happen, first thing in the afternoon, meaning I'll be able to have a good breakfast before leaving. Or maybe I can sleep in. I don't know, I try not to think about it and force my diligence to distract me, though I fail in this.

I don't know why I continue to do this job. I mean I need to eat obviously, that's really why, but the reason I tend to care so much for something I do obviously hate. Do I have loyalty to my foreman? Some subconscious desire to improve the world? I have to stop living for the future, I don't do anything most days aside from my assignments and even then, I feel so useless and small. Maybe on the railport I can write my final goodbye. In case there are agents following me, as I was told there might be, maybe they can use it to see there was no motivation. It's all being blamed on me to the people I know, and I'm going to be made a hero for a cause I know nothing about. It's the same as every other political plague in this area.

Institutions hellbent on looking to the past in some way, hoping to create a future worth killing innocents for, genociding people even. At least the powers that be, the Post Liberal Guild of Free Trade, don't hide behind a veil of politeness and have some asshole as their representative.

Not like it matters, as I've said they're all the same. Even this terrorist group. This lowly, unknown, confusing, and bumbling organization with no real politics other than causing destruction. For what it's worth, I can at least sleep well while being associated with them. It's not so embarrassing. They have a cool flag.

The night comes, unnaturally, if you look closely you can see where the colors of the night sky begin on the screen. The night sky pales in comparison to the day's smile. It's a very obvious gradient shift that changes colors too quickly to look real. I'm guessing that the original organization was more focused on the day cycles. I'm sitting on the back of the truck next to Doyle, who's been suspiciously nicer than usual. Complimenting my muscles as though they're any different than any day. Maybe he knows. I look at everyone, my heart's racing, I'm swallowing too loud, they know I know. No. They all have the same tired look in their eyes. The same dirt stains on their pearl-white and flowy shirts. They don't know what awaits them. That night as I lie next to Julie, who holds me tighter than usual, I think about what will happen. What horrible fate awaits the people of Terra, my home sector? I sleep strangely peacefully.

The morning of, I talk to Julie as I usually do, half joking, half small talk. My heart hasn't been in these conversations for so long, half of what I'm speaking is literal nonsense. I don't know why even now, as I'm on the verge of never seeing her again, I can't bring myself to tell her what I feel. For breakfast we eat croissants and strawberries, with coffee that has just a splash of whiskey in it. Our time together ends with the usual "I love you"'s and rushed hug and kisses. She thinks I'm taking a personal day. Not wrong.

Once she leaves, I change into the clothes I want to wear as I see the skies. It's my usual work outfit, white buttoned up shirt, and black boots, but instead of denim jeans, I wear cactus leather slacks, and bring my favorite flower crown. An old relic from my childhood I've managed to keep whole with restringing, rebinding, and repainting the thin wooden roses.

The contact, Minnie, eyes me up as I approach her. She tells me that I'll need to go through an underground tunnel before I can go on transit, so as to not arouse too much suspicion, I'll meet with someone else who will keep me company on the ride over. The second contact, who refuses to name himself, tells me that in twenty minutes, the people I have grown up with will probably be dead, and if not will want me hanging. He asks me if I'm willing to accept the cost. I say nothing. I know it'll be worth it. Anything for authenticity. He looks uneasy with me staying silent, his attempts at small talk fail until he

eventually gives up, and his attempts to look friendly at me are met with my unflinching stare. Almost as cold as the trolley itself. It's a sanitized silver floor with blue flairs on the carbon fiber walkway, the window that sits beside me is double plated and draped with a metallic sheet hanging above like a guillotine, waiting to fall and hide the passenger from the horrors that is all the sectors with lives vomited out and churned into mush within the eternal grinder.

Something inside is awakening. Is this who I've always been? I don't know. We zoom by Elysium, the landscape is a wash of neon letters and advertisements, obscured by smog that resembles watercolors spilt haphazardly onto the paper. Their sector didn't even try to have a natural looking sky, it's a constant indigo blanket—pocked with black clouds that pour an unending rain from sector three, the ocean. Sector five is nothing but slums and heat, the overworked call it home, but to me it's just black concrete blocks against a sky colored red with flames and metalworking. I don't even bother looking at sector five. It's nothing but crime I've been told, and I'm inclined to believe it. Unfortunately, this is as far as transportation is legally allowed to go, and I'm forced to get off, following this second contact. This man with no name who already doesn't trust me. He makes me wait in a bathroom for a moment as he surveys the area. Here I have time to think about what I'm doing. This feels so surreal, I have never done anything for myself and even

now, I still can't believe this is real. I feel high. Maybe this is a dream that I'm doomed to wake from, but I'm not that creative.

We regroup and he takes me to a bar masquerading as a legitimate business that really operates as a meeting place for this group. They gather around a television, a square headed man with a somber look in his eyes gives a warning to any young viewers as he goes over the gang activities and failed attempts at unionizing that have happened today—a normal day in this shithole. The patrons look like coyotes waiting around a dying calf. Hunger in their eyes and anticipation shouted from their clamped shut mouths, saliva even dripping from a masked face with a wild look in its eyes.

20 minutes pass.

I hear the explosion.

He looks down as though his station is above the dome itself and he sees it. A few seconds pass before an immediate cut. The footage is worse than I imagined. There's a massive hole in the skybox, larger than I expected. I can see the toxic outer air seeping into the artificial atmosphere, like blood fighting against a syringe forced into a vein, the war between sterile and authentic. The dome cracks and falls, some of it glitches and shows various scenarios. Harvest moons, eclipses, storms, some are just static, but most aren't of the artificial ocean of blue I'm so accustomed to. The explosion that caused it was apparently so massive that it forced some of it out,

the weight of the sky sits on top of the rest of it, and causes even more to crumble.

As expected, my face comes on screen as several warnings, death threats, and wanted messages flood the screen. I look away, again, this doesn't feel real. I know I didn't shoot into it, but I still am responsible. I try to justify this. The true sky will shine through. Maybe others will be fulfilled with seeing the love that authenticity has, I ignore what the television shows, I don't want to spoil it. I'm scared it's not what I want. I'm met with two people in so much hazmat gear I can't tell anything about them, other than they both tower over me.

They hand me a rebreather roach helmet, and escort me through to sector six, the Outside, where I can finally see The Blue.

Except it's not at all.

It's a sickly yellow adorned with maroon clouds that hang low, the coughed up blood from an Earth long since raped and carved. Even then, I'm entranced. Not by a sense of beauty; but absurdity. Even in an alien world, with visions I've never even imagined, even here, the misery persists. I am the same here as I was sewing seeds into the dirt with a woman I don't love.

I shattered the sky with my stares.

I made it to another world.

I am a part of history.

And even then, instead of wanting for a future that doesn't exist, I yearn for a past that never was.

Even with my headgear, the air is suffocating. Thick and ruined, it seeps through the vents conspicuously, I can smell the corpses and metal out here through the filters. This world is nothing but death and misery, a testament to the means man will go through for a supposedly justified end, much like the crumbled buildings and billboards that litter this hell, it lingers on. I'm such a fucking hypocrite.

Across my face I can feel the hurt force through, the tears shoot down to my chin as I try to look up. This disappointment, it reminds me of Julie.

It's only now I realize how much I've been lying to myself, pretending to hate everything as though it wasn't enough, as though I wasn't just dissatisfied with all my life has given me. I picture her in my head, sobbing, knowing that I don't deserve tears and that it's likely over innocents that lie dead on the green carpeted floors we pretend are fields. I think of her, of everyone, everything, myself even.

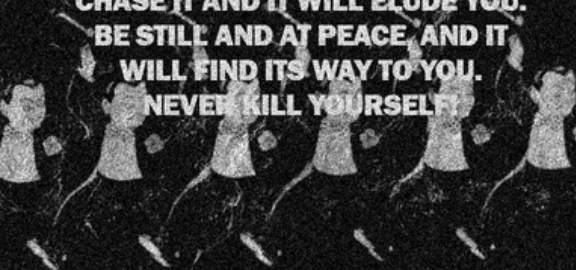
I fall to my knees, and reflect on what I've done as the wooden flowers that acted as my crown simmer away from the heat and fly away like dust, and I'm struck with a realization:

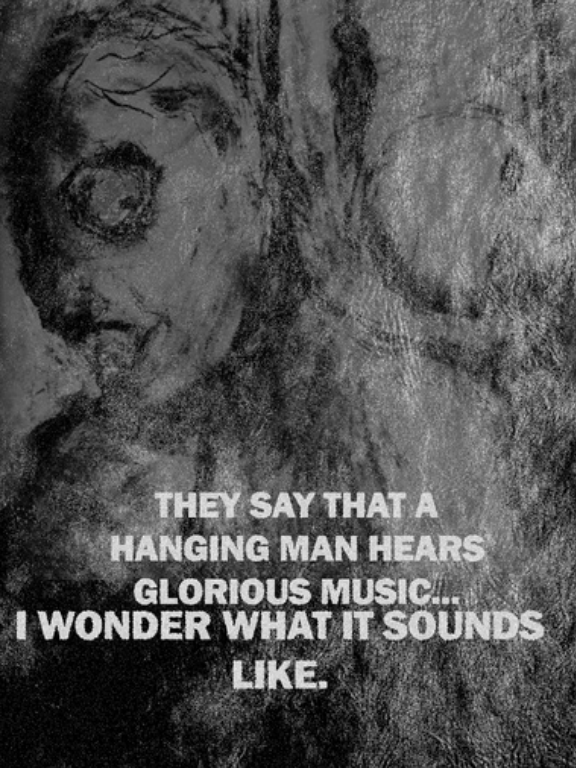
I know this now.
That I'm fucking nothing.
I am so small.
The truth is so searing.
I'm nothing at all,
A slug under the sun.
And as my facade melts,
So too is skin undone.
Sickness' and' defeat are felt.
I'm an ant under the "blue,"
And this is the painful truth.

MORAL OF THE STORY:



**IF YOU ARE UNHAPPY NOW YOU
WILL BE UNHAPPY IN THE FUTURE.
HAPPINESS IS LIKE A BUTTERFLY.
CHASE IT AND IT WILL ELUDE YOU.
BE STILL AND AT PEACE AND IT
WILL FIND ITS WAY TO YOU.
NEVER KILL YOURSELF.**





**THEY SAY THAT A
HANGING MAN HEARS
GLORIOUS MUSIC...
I WONDER WHAT IT SOUNDS
LIKE.**

**WELL, I BET IT SOUNDS AN
AWFUL LOT LIKE:**



PUPPY MILL'S "SS25"

Now, I'm not gonna lie, this recommendation is a bit biased, not only is Puppy Mill (usually) composed of my best friends, but they also make up the rest of The Men Behind The Sun collective. **HAVING SAID THAT:**

Even if I thought them all wankers, this is still a nasty ass, hard hitting, masterclass of an album. Total drum and bass supremacy that honestly reminds me as much of Apartment 213 as it does Man is The Bastard. Powerviolence is back baby, and this ain't no fake ass hardcore pretending to be PV, it's real, it's loud, and most importantly, it's fast. If the song title "Rape Netanyahu" is too much then I think sucking the exhaust of a running car would be better for you. If that doesn't push you away though, my favorite tracks are "Scum Sucker" and "Nuke Tel Aviv" though I will admit I think it's better on **DEATH RACE 2026 TOUR TAPE** with PAIN GOD and SWISS. 10/10.

RECOMMENDED 100S READING:

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha, or Don Quixote by Miguel de Cervantes

So this one is a classic and normally that alone would be enough to make me not want to read it, but Don Quixote is honestly what I think would cure most men's sorrows. Basically, Don Quixote is this guy, this very unremarkable, somewhat weak and frail old man who just happens to go insane one day and decides to become a knight because he's obsessed with them. So he goes into the world determined to be the best knight there ever was, upholding the laws of chivalry and beating the piss out of anyone he deems a threat.

This might not sound like the best book ever written but believe me dear reader, it kinda is. In this age of inauthenticity it's very easy to think the cure is to be authentically yourself. I don't think it's that simple. What if the you that you are isn't someone you like? What if your whole life has been spent feeling stuck in someone you never would have picked? Well, my advice is to authentically be the you that you want to be. In other words—be the freak you want to see. If a chef becomes a chef by cooking, a writer by writing, a bully by bullying, then that means if we desire to be something we should start by just doing what the title dictates. This of course begs the question: is Don Quixote truly crazy?

I'll leave that for you to decide. I highly recommend that if you do not read spanish, to specifically look for the translated edition by Edith Grossman, she does a phenomenal job.

THIS EDITION OF TEN OF SWORDS IS
BROUGHT TO YOU IN PART BY:

SATURNUS

TREAT DEATH AS A

FRIEND.

HE WHO DOES NOT

ENTERTAIN-

LIVES IN FEAR OF END.



**BENCH PRESSING
FOR
DUMMIES**

THE JOURNEY OF A MILLION MILES BEGINS WITH A SINGLE STEP.

For some reason, there is a notion that beginners should start out with pushups before moving onto bench. I am here to tell you reader that that simply is not true.. A proper pushup can take a moment to get correct, but more relevantly, you're pushing a lot more weight than you'd think. A better place to start is with learning how to bench.

Now, I won't go through the entire thing because I think that'll be a bit condescending, but I will give some tips I've learned through the years. For incline, you would do best to stick to a 30-45 degree angle, usually at the "3" spot on adjustable benches.

When gripping the weight, start closing your hands pinkies first and then slightly rotate your wrists inwards so as to keep it tight—this alone can help you squeeze out a few extra.

Learn where your feet should go, this is your lifeline once you start lifting heavy.

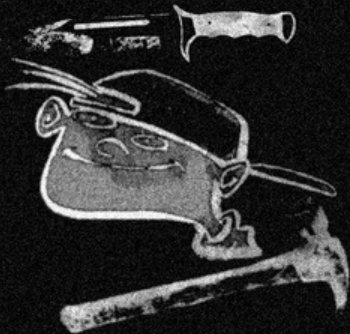
KEEP YOUR ASS AGAINST THE BENCH! You may naturally arch your back as you bench, this is completely normal and in fact proper form, especially as you should feel some "force" coming from your feet assuming you've got them planted right, but your ass should stay pushing against the bench rather than hovering above.

Elbows in, always. This is why some retards hurt their shoulders on an exercise that's supposed to train chest and triceps and some don't. I would explain more but I'd actually recommend visuals for this to better understand what I mean.

Right before you lean back, take a fat breath in and hold it as you lift, this helps keep you steady and braced.

Good luck, and remember: **HAVE FUN!**

**WITH MY KNIFE, AND
WITH MY HAMMER,**



**I CLEAN THE STREETS
FROM FILTH AND DORKS.**

MEN BEHIND THE WORDS SPOTLIGHT: MR KLINK



MaggotFace Klink is our head writer, lead artist, and all around work horse at 10oS. He likes violence, religion, grindcoreXpowerviolence, white women with fat asses, latex/leather fetish wear, hardcore BDSM, jazz (especially of the brazillian variety), his wife, cats, drinking, smoking cigarettes, hyenas, and rap music. When not doing most of the work on this zine he likes to write fiction, work out, spend time with his wife and/or friends, and play grand strategy games. His go to quote is "The journey of a million miles begins with a single step."

**Thanks for everything you do Klink! We salute you!
MH and TH1488**

"FAN" MAIL AND OTHER WRITE INS: (ANSWERED BY MF KLINK)

Q: "IF YOU COULD KILL SOMEONE HOWEVER YOU WANT HOW WOULD YOU DO IT?"

A: FUNNY ENOUGH, I WAS THINKING ABOUT THIS THE OTHER DAY AT WORK. I THINK I'D WANT TO DO SOMETHING INVOLVING VIVISECTION OR SOME 731 TYPE SHIT IF I COULD, BUT IF I AM TO BE REALISTIC I WOULD PROBABLY BUST OUT THE OL' RELIABLE .22 AGAINST THE TEMPLE AND GET ALL UP CLOSE WITH IT. I'D LOVE TO KILL SOMEONE WHO'S A BELOVED MEMBER OF THEIR COMMUNITY, WHOSE DEATH WOULD BE MOURNED BY MANY. THAT'D BE REAL HORRORSHOW.

Q: "ANYONE YOU HATE IN PARTICULAR AND WHY?"

A: I COULD WRITE VOLUMES WITH JUST THE NAMES OF FUCKERS I LOATHE, BUT I THINK THE CROWNING CUNT WILL FOREVER BE ME MUM. SHE WAS/LIKELY STILL IS A MISERABLE AND PATHETIC WOMAN WHO WASTED HER LIFE AND BLAMED EVERYONE AROUND HER. AS A CHILD I WONDERED WHY GOD GAVE ME SUCH A LOATHESOME CREATURE TO CRAWL OUT FROM, I LIKE TO THINK THAT MY EXTREME DISTASTE FOR HER HELPS PUSH ME TO FOREVER WANT TO BE BETTER. HOPEFULLY SHE DIES SOON.

Q: "YOU FW THREE STOOGES?"

A: DON'T EVEN JOKE LAD.

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES...DON'T SEND A STOOGE



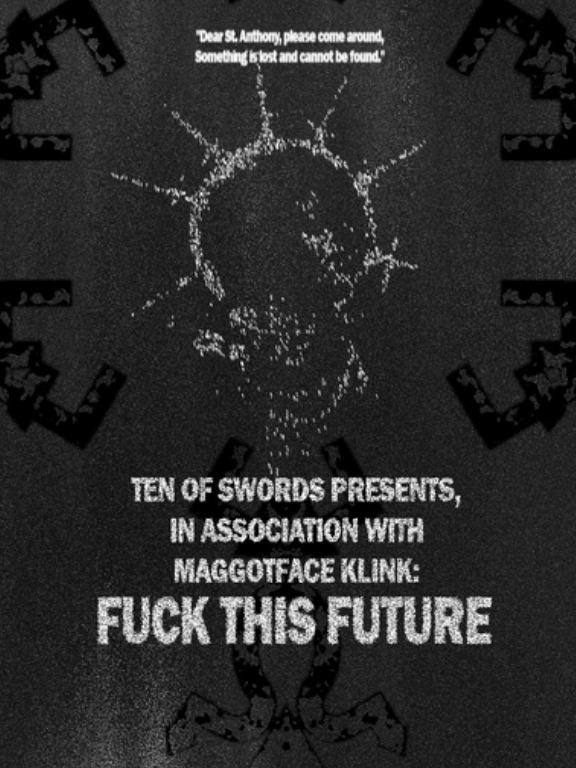
Q: "DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GO TO HEAVEN WHEN YOU DIE?"

A: NOT REALLY. I DON'T BELIEVE IN HEAVEN OR HELL DESPITE HOW CATHOLIC I CLAIM TO BE; HAVING SAID THAT, I TEND TO IMAGINE THAT NO MATTER WHAT I DO I'M CONDEMNED TO HELL. SITTING IN THE BACK OF MY MIND AS I DO ANY NICE OR GOOD THING, I'M REMINDED THAT THE EARTH IS ALREADY IN SPACE—HEAVEN CAN BE REACHED HERE.

Q: "WHAT'S YOUR IDEAL PARTNER LIKE?"

A: WELL SINCE I'M A NASTY MOTHERFUCKER I NEEDS ME A NASTY ASS BITCH READY FOR ANY NASTY ASS THING (MY WIFE).

"Dear St. Anthony, please come around,
Something is lost and cannot be found."



TEN OF SWORDS PRESENTS,
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
MAGGOTFACE KLINK:
FUCK THIS FUTURE

A while ago, I wanted to write down my thoughts and ideas I had upon reading a damn good piece of work, *Fistography*. Since then, I have had no one come up to me and tell me my writing is so good and that they demand more, no kinda ugly and mean whores have come to suck my cock and I have since lost over a thousand dollars. As such, I've decided- "I should write about my thoughts on AI." Nobody asked, but I figured it would make for a good paper, so here it is.

I think it's fucking rubbish. As it is, and as it stands, I've yet to see anyone respectable or remotely cool use it. So far, I've only seen dumb cunts that can at most aspire to be worthless cocksleaves or what I've coined as "coworker caste" make use of the various AI programs out there. ChatGPT, Midjourney, infinite reich.net, the whole conglomerate of stupid programs made for people that look at life and its infinite bounty and think, "Wow, what I need to focus on, more than anything in the world, is efficiency and maximizing shareholder profit." The kinds of fuckwits who when they hear their girlfriend is fucking another man, get excited over the new free time they get.

I think being a stupid person is all fine and well, really, I have no gripes and no qualms about such a thing—speaking as a self proclaimed idiot myself; however, we do not live in an ideal world where each man knows he knows nothing. Instead, it is the time where noviceness is a sign of personal inferiority and to admit fault is to admit a shortcoming. A humiliating process that most do not have the humility to endure, as such the planet is filled to the brim with grifters and frauds who instead of admitting their place in the grand scheme of it all, feign intelligence and competency, and with the advent of AI it has never been easier. It is because the aesthetics of seeming intelligent are far more attractive than actually putting in any effort. It is that age old question once more—do we give up our seat on the subway to the pregnant lady because we are good or is it because we want to look good to the other passengers?

We live in the age where one will hear the same braindead talking point you scrolled past whilst shitting and paid no mind to from eight different people because they would rather seem smart and nuanced than actually put in the effort to have their own personal take, it is this indifference to any real sense of self that I believe permeates this pro-AI attitude so many idiots have. I remember this very prevalently during the Depp V. Heard trial, an event

that I couldn't have given less of a shit about yet was constantly entrenched in hearing everyone's hot take on it—especially on twitter where I shit you not, I saw the same mouthbreather take originally by some stupid fucking memepage ran by some knuckledragging softspot-fisted yokel regurgitated more than three different times by some hambrained losers I happened to share a scene with. It only further reinforces this detached “Centrist mindset” that seems so popular with retarded genetic deadend men. The kind of guy who claims he's really for both sides and really takes a serious and neutral stance on things (yet in actuality is a capital-F FAGGOT CUCKSERVATIVE) who thinks himself so wise and cool headed, speaking a whole lot yet saying so little. I had a coworker at this window salesman job who was like that. Annoying runt of a man, told me that he was “leaning more right since America is just so left.” In an ideal world I could have tied his feet to my car, drove him around the block until the asphalt wore his skin and all that was dragged by my car was a shredded, limp, and groaning mess, opened his chest with my bare hands, presented his malformed heart to the sun gods and ate it in their honor. Instead, I wrote this stupid fucking spiel years later.

I think his name was Gavin.

I bet pricks like Gavin are rock-fucking-hard at the rise of AI. Something about men of that flavor just gives me that vibe, which leads to what I have coined earlier, the Coworker Caste. It is my belief that the soul is a real thing, completely tied to our consciousness and awareness.

Something that is infinite but also of differing size in relation to our understanding of the universe around us (hence why I think we should be allowed to



THIS FUTURE SUCKS.

murder babies up to like 3 years old since they ain't got awareness) and our understanding of ourselves. Those condemned to coworker caste (by the fair and moderate council that resides in my skull) are simply people I have deemed so worthless and pathetic, that in my mind all they can really strive to be are annoying coworkers. Bodies to fill the schedule and close for me when I want to go home and bitch about my stupid fucking job early, people to sit in traffic and make me

late for work, to man the register and take my order, to fill up space and make that 8 billion statistic go up and down. Lives that should they end, I would feel absolutely nothing, at most a little inconvenienced, but never hurt, which says a lot because I'm honestly a bit of a crybaby. Microbeanie atheists, moderate conservatives, sports gambling addicts, barely legal onlyfans subscribers, local scene neanderthals, men who are taller than me, protestants, human beings with souls so worthless and inner flames so small, that their soul goes to neither heaven or hell when they die—it is simply destroyed like that of beasts. If it is this drive within us that pushes us forward, what use does society have for people of this caliber if it is to not push them into the great grinder and turn them into a chunky stew that can feed the masses?

wow you
know what

I might be a
pedophile

but at least im not

rude



AVERAGE HATER OF 10oS:

"How the fuck does any of this tie into AI? You just went on some pseudo-eugenicist-fascist bullshit rant for three pages. Your writings fucking suck." I say all of this, dear reader, because the other day I read a poem.



It was shitty, as most poems are, but it was dedicated to the author's lady. This was a scrawny and ugly, lustful man writing a poem about how he felt so connected since their eyes locked and how she had been the light of his life ever since she changed "Dull moments into vibrant colorful memories." This is all quite the laugh, especially considering that "Fate softly spoke" into him that he needed to cheat on his then girlfriend with this ugly broad, but a bad poem is so human, especially in matters of love. It's just raw feelings and a confused maelstrom of words in an attempt to sound more smart than saying "You make me so happy," that it's hard not to love such a thing and find a piece of the self within the lines. However, as I looked through this post and laughed at his kinda funny looking whore (according to my wife) I realized the little icon in the corner of the post saying that it contained AI info. I looked through hoping to find some hilarious "She's my princess and I'm king" ass midjourney image but no luck, and then a taste of bitterness

spawned on my tongue as I realized this popcorn-brained weasel couldn't be bothered to write a shitty poem for his whore, but instead went to chatGPT and asked it to write one for him. I felt strangely betrayed, as though I put anything in this. I gave up nothing, and yet I still felt robbed. Is the human experience just too much work? If we are nothing but machines interconnected, is it a hardware or software issue? Is this guy just a fucking loser retard cuck who can't do anything at all? I can only answer the last question with "most likely," as for the other two, I'm not sure. I thought that difficulty and hardship made life worth living. I thought working out was about doing better than last time, that art was about the process and seeing a vision—not even the original idea, come to life, I thought that energy existed to transfer between different states. Maybe I really am the idiot

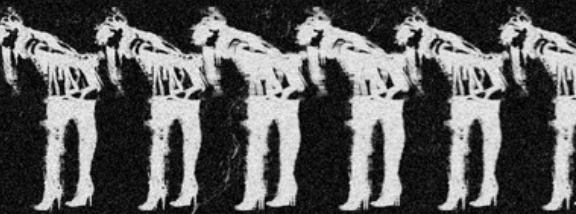




**LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO
NOT BE A FREAK.**

wasting my life on stupid shit after all, but at least I'm happy.

This is of course a minor inconvenience at most, there is no denying the ecological and societal impact that this massive echochamber is creating, but that's all stupid lame shit that I don't give a fuck about. As far as I'm concerned, my ecoterror days are over and I have completely given up hope that the meek shall inherit anything more than a few slugs to the chest and a chatGPT composed apology letter written in HR speak, and I hope every beautiful spot on this planet gets dronestriking into a barren valley so that I can piss all over it with greater ease and all those beautiful white sand beaches get drowned in sludge and oil and every snowcapped mountaintop melts and kills everyone nearby. This world is but a facade and I care little for it in the grand scheme of it all. One day I'll die, and if the



planet shall one day as well, it is nothing more than further proof that not only do I come from it, but I am of this world. What this has to do with AI? It's only a small part of the future not worth seeing.

Nothing matters. I'm going to die one day. Everyone I know and love will also die one day, and with the finite time on this earth we all have, some limp dick is out there thinking he should use chatGPT to write him a poem so he can get back to watching "Barely legal stepsister-painal gangbang" and playing Call of Duty: Warzone. In spite of all that, I pose the same question I burped out in my last rant: Why not? If we are going to die one day, why not make a funny looking drawing? Why not sing off key? Why not write a shitty poem and try to make a lady know how special she is? Werner Herzog once said: "When I saw a piece of fried bacon fixed to the bathroom wall in Gummo, it knocked me off my chair. [Korine's] a very clear voice of a generation of filmmakers that is taking a new position. It's not going to dominate world cinema, but so what?" So what indeed. Fuck it all...

Is what I originally wrote in a fit of rage and sadness. It is now many suns later. I've had a bit to drink, and I've realized something:

This future is not set in stone. The architects of this hell are made of flesh and blood. They are human just like us, and have names, addresses, families, fears...

They're just like you and me, and these data centers—while technological marvels (that usually are light in the security department) are real places. They are warts on this planet that has a moon 400X closer and smaller than the sun so that every so often we may witness a beautiful eclipse. I ask you dear reader, why spend a life in pursuit of heaven when it's already here on Earth?

REMEMBER: 100S DOES NOT ENCOURAGE VIOLENCE OR DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY. WE ENCOURAGE VOTING AND CALLING UP YOUR LOCAL PEDOPHILE TO BITCH.



"When life itself seems lunatic, who knows where madness lies? Perhaps to be too practical is madness. To surrender dreams — this may be madness. Too much sanity may be madness — and maddest of all: to see life as it is, and not as it should be!"





**TREAT DEATH AS
A FRIEND.
HE WHO DOES
NOT ENTERTAIN—
LIVES IN FEAR
OF END.**

**WHEN AN IRRESISTABLE FORCE SUCH
AS YOU...**



MEETS AN OLD IMMOVABLE OBJECT LIKE ME.



**YOU CAN
BET JUST
AS SURE
AS YOU
LIVE...**



**SOMETHIN'S GOTTA GIVE.
SOMETHIN'S GOTTA GIVE.
SOMETHIN'S GOTTA GIVE.**

(A FEW COOL, BUT VERY UNRELATED, COMIC PANELS.)



THANKS FOR READING!

WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME.

THIS HAS BEEN A 10 OF SWORDS PRODUCTION,
MADE IN COLLABORATION WITH MEN BEHIND
THE SUN. FULLY PRODUCED, PLAGARIZED, AND
PENETRATED BY THE 10 OF SWORDS COUNCIL—
MAGGOTFACE KLINK, THUNDERHOOVES1488,
AND THE MELLOW HARSHER. WE HOPE YOU
ENJOYED READING THIS ISSUE AND TO SEE YOU
AGAIN NEXT TIME. FROM YOUR FRIENDS AND
FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS:
THANK YOU!

THE
DREAM
IS
OVER

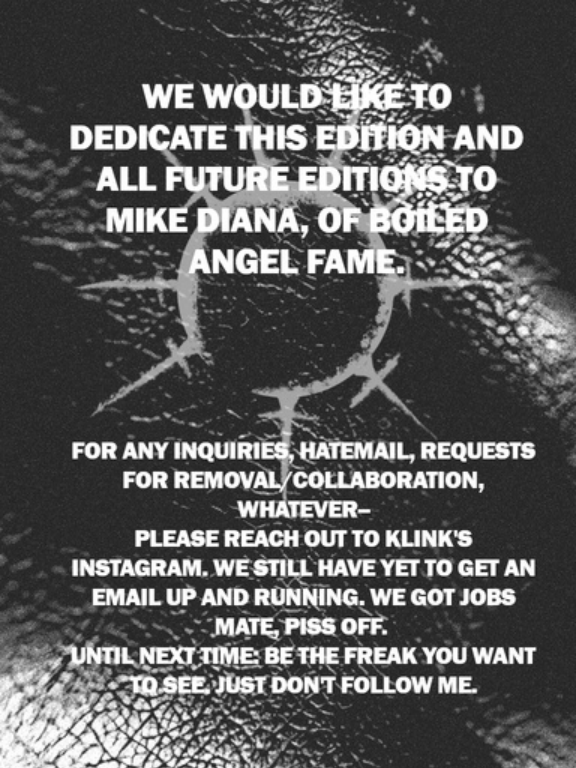
THE
NIGHTMARE
BEGINS



AND REMEMBER:

Life gets better when
you stop trying to be
everyone's cup of tea.





**WE WOULD LIKE TO
DEDICATE THIS EDITION AND
ALL FUTURE EDITIONS TO
MIKE DIANA, OF BOILED
ANGEL FAME.**

**FOR ANY INQUIRIES, HATEMAIL, REQUESTS
FOR REMOVAL/COLLABORATION,
WHATEVER—**

**PLEASE REACH OUT TO KLINK'S
INSTAGRAM. WE STILL HAVE YET TO GET AN
EMAIL UP AND RUNNING. WE GOT JOBS
MATE, PISS OFF.**

**UNTIL NEXT TIME: BE THE FREAK YOU WANT
TO SEE, JUST DON'T FOLLOW ME.**